

This Mask of Mine

by Quatrina R

Category: Gundam Wing/AC
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-07-01 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-07-01 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:53:32
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 567
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Trowa's thoughts and opinions...mainly of himself.

This Mask of Mine

*Disclaimer: I don't own 'em.

> This Mask of Mine

>Completely exhausted, I collapse in my chair, while running my hand through my hair. What a day. As I look
around my room, I sigh with fatigue. I spot my bed, and slowly make my way over to my soft place to sleep.

>After laying myself down, I look over at my bedside table and something all so familiar catches my eye. My
clown mask. Slowly, I sit up, and gently lift the mask from the table. It feels cold and hard to my touch. As I

>hold it to my face, I think about this mask, and its meaning to me. What does it mean? I mull over the
possibilities. A mask is something that hides one's true identity, one's true self. In my case, though, I have a

>mask hiding my true soul, and personality. This is the way I feel, anyway.

> Only I know what lies beneath this mask of mine, the one that covers my heart. So many try decipher
what goes on in my mind. So many try to guess how I will react to certain situations. In most cases, they are

>wrong. Like I said, only I know what lies beneath my mask. The door slowly opens, and I am startled. I look
over to see who interrupted my train of thought. Quatre.

>
 "Oh, am I interrupting anything?" He asks. "I just wanted to know if there was anything I could do for

>you." Obviously, he notices how tired I am. I can notice it in his large, green eyes.

> "I'm fine, thank you," I finally answer after a moment of silence. He leaves, and once again the room is
silent. I ponder about the time I had amnesia. I was so cold and alone. Then, Quatre came. He had been the

>one responsible for my problems, and yet, I forgave him. Was I what

Heero would say...soft? Was I what
WuFei would say...weak? Was I what Duo would say...smooth? Was I what Quatre would say...kind? I

>shake my head. I want to be the perfect soldier like Heero! What pilot doesn't? All of these traits, soft,
weak, smooth, and kind, are unnecessary in a war. All of my life, though, it feels like I've been fighting one

>immense war. So, are these traits unnecessary for me?

> I want to laugh at myself for asking so many questions. I decide it's okay, though. These are my
thoughts, and my thoughts alone. No one is ever going to know what goes on in my heart and in my mind. I

>hope so, anyway. I put down the mask and have second thoughts. Perhaps it would be nice to share my
thoughts with someone. When I do, if I do, I want to share them with someone who won't laugh. It's not

>like I'm extremely distant, like WuFei. When my opinion is asked, I'll respond. If they don't like it, it's their
fault. They asked.

>
 If I ever share my thoughts with anyone, it will more than likely be after the war. My mask might be

>shattered by then. Maybe not, though. For now, though, no one will go beyond my mask to see my thoughts
and dreams. This mask of mine. This mask of my heart.

>

> <p><p>

End
file.